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SONNET
XL.



BUT, ah₅ my plague, through time's outrage, increased' For when my sun his task had finished Within the Scorpion's Mansion, he not ceased, Nor yet his heat's extremes diminished, Till that dead-aiming Archer 'dressed his quiver, In which he closely couched, at the last! That Archer, which does pierce both heart and liver, With hot gold-pointed shafts, which rankle fast! That proud, commanding, and swift-shooting Archer ; Far-shooting PHCEBUS, which doth overshoot! And, more than PHOEBUS, is an inward parcher ! That with thy notes harmonious and songs soot Allured my sun, to fire mine heart's soft root! And with thine ever-wounding golden arrow, First pricked my soul, then pierced my body's marrow !

SONNET X L I .



WHEN my sun, CUPID, took his next abiding 'Mongst craggy rocks and mountains, with the Goat; Ah then, on beauty did my senses doat! Then, had each Fair regard, my fancies guiding ! Then, more than blessed was I, if one tiding Of female favour set mine heart afloat! Then, to mine eyes each Maid was made a moat ! My fickle thoughts, with divers fancies sliding, With wanton rage of lust, so me did tickle ! Mine heart, each Beauty's captived vassal ! Nor vanquished then (as now) but with love's prickle! Not deeply moved (till love's beams did discover That lovely Nymph, PARTHENOPHE I), no lover! Stop there, for fear! Love's privilege doth pass all!